

No. 9,176.71



KNAPP FUND



THE

Merry Wives

OF

WINDSOR.

A

1767

COMEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



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MDCCLXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*
Shallow, *a Country Justice.*
Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Wind-*
Mr. Ford, } *for.*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*
Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharppers attending on Falstaff.*
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *Servant to Slender.*
Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, Wife to Mr. Page.
Mrs. Ford, Wife to Mr. Ford.
Mrs. Anne Page, Daughter to Mr. Page,
in Love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

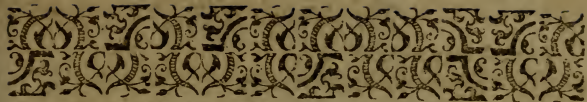
SCENE I. Windsor.

THE

THE

Knapp

Jan. 14, 1922



T H E

Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



IR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* Matter of it: If he were twenty *Sir John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

Slen. In the County of *Gloucester*, Justice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, Cousin *Slender*, and *Caf-talorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Roto-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done, any time these three hundred Years.

Slen. All his Successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white *Luces* in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white *Lowfes* to become an old Coat well; it agrees well *Passtant*; it is a familiar *Beast* to Man, and signifies *Love*.

Shal. The *Luce* is the *Fresh-fish*, the *Salt-fish* is an old Coat.

Slén. I may quarter, Coz,

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per Lady ; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for your self, in my simple Conjectures ; but that is all one : If Sir *John Falstaff* have committed Disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Atone-ments and Compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it ; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot ; there is no Fear of Got in a Riot : The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot ; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha ! o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, and end it ; and there is also another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Discretions with it : There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Master *George Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slén. Mrs. *Anne Page* ? she has brown Hair and speaks small like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Person for all the Orld, as just as you will desire : and seven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grandfire upon his Death bed (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen Years old : It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a Marriage between Master *Abraham* and Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slén. Did her Grandfire leave her seven hundred Pounds !

Evn. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slén. I know the young Gentlewoman : she has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds and Possibilities is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well ; let us see honest Mr. *Page* ; Is *Falstaff* there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lye ? I do despise a Lyar as I do despise one that is false ; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there ? and I beseech you be ruled by your Well wishers. I will peat the Door.

[Knocks.]

[Knocks] for Master Page. What hoa? Got blefs your Houfe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here's Got's plessing and your Friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*, that per-adventures shall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worship's well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good Heart: I wish'd your Venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress *Page*? And I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I, do

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was outrun on *Cotfale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'il not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your Fault, 'tis your Fault, 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir,

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he's within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Sbal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.
That is now answer'd.

Sbal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good Worts.

Fal. Good Worts? Good Cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your Head: what Matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have Matter in my Head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury Cheese*.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter,

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell, Cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you; Now let us understand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, *Matter Page*, *fidelicet*, *Master Page*; and there is my self, *fidelicet*, my self; and the three Party is, lastly, and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Note book, and we will afterwards ork upon the Cause with as great discretly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He hears with Ears,

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what Phrase is this, he hears with Ear? Why it is Affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick *Master Slender's* Purse?

Slen. Ay, by these Gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again esse, of seven Groats in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that cost me two Shilling and two Pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*; by these Gloves.

Fal. Is this true *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a Pick-purse.

Pist. Ha! thou Mountain Foreigner; Sir *John*, and Matter mine, I Combat challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe; Word of denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly'it.

Slen. By these Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good Humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base Humour on me; that is the very Note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the Gentlemen had drunk himself out of his five Sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senses: Fy, what the Ignorance is;

Bard. And being say, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd, and so Conclusions pass the Car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you speak in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly Company for this Trick; if I be drunk I'll be drunk with those that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all these Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with Wine.

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.]

Slen. On Heaven! this is Mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, Mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my Troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner: Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all Unkindness.

[Ex. Fal. Page, &c.]

Marent Shallow, Evans and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shilling, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait

on my self, must I? you have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Alballowmas* last, a Fortnight afore *Martlemas*?

Shal. Come, Coz; come, Coz; we stay for you: A word with you, Coz: Marry this, Coz? there is, as 'twere a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: If it be so, I will do that that is reason:

Shal. Nay but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the Question: The Question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Ann* *Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philosophers hold that the Lips is Parcel of the Mind: Therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do Reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your Desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any Reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do, is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Sten. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request : But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better Acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another ; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion Answer ; save, the fall is in th' Ort dissolutely : The Ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely ; his Meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Sten. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la,

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress *Anne* : Would I were Young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The Dinner is on the Table ; my Father desires your Worship's Company.

Shal. I will on him, fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's pless'd Will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Exit Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir ?

Sten. No, I thank you forsooth heatily, I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Sten. I am not a hungry, I thank you, Forsooth : Go, Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow* ; [*Ex. Simple.*] A Justice of Peace somtime may be beholden to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead ; but what tho', yet I live like a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship ; they will not sit till you come.

Sten. I faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Sten. I had rather walk here, I thank you ; I bruis'd my Shin th' other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veney's for a Dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot Meat since. Why do your Dogs bark to ? be there Bears i' th' Town ?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sten. I love the Sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel

at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now ; I have seen *Sackerfon* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain ; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past : But Women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come ; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you shall not choose, Sir ; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir ; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la : I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome ; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Re-Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Cains'* House which is the Way ; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Wringer.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet ; give her this Letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogether Acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*, and the Letter is to desire and require her to solicit your Master's Desires to Mrs. *Anne Page* : I pray you be gone ; I will make an end of my Dinner ; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully rock ? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a Week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pleasser*; I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: Follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him, a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloke makes a new Jerkin; a whither'd Serving-man, a fresh Tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a Life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the Spiggot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited? his Mind is not heroick, and there's the Humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not Time.

Nym. The good Humour is to steal at a Minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: Steal? soh, a fico for the Phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at Heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must con-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of Substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two Yards and more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the waste two Yards about; but I am now about no Waste, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* Wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the Leer of Invitation; I can construe the Action of her familiar Stile, and the hardest Voice of her Behavicur, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist

Pist. He hath study'd her Well and translated her Will,
out of Honesty into *English*.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour pass?

Fal. Now the Report goes, she has all the Rule of her
Husband's Purse: He hath a Legion of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say, I.

Nym. The Humour rises; it is good, humour me the
Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here
another to *Page's* Wife, who even now gave me good
Eyes too, examin'd my Parts with most judicious Iliads,
sometimes the Beam of her View guilded my Foot, some-
times my portly Belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dunghil shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my Exteriors with such
a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did seem
to scorch me up like a Burning-glass: Here's another
Letter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in
Guiana, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheater to them
both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be
my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both.
Go, bear thou this Letter to Mrs. *Page*, and thou
this to Mistress *Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will
thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my Side wear Steel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base Humour: Here take the Hu-
mour Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinance to these golden Shores. [*To Robin.*
Rogues, hence, avant, vanish like Haiistones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, seek shelter, pack:
Falstaff will learn the Humour of the Age.

French Thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

Exit Falstaff and Boy.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy Guts; for Goar'd, and
Fullam holds: And high and low beguiles the rich and
poor. Tetter I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have Operations in my Head,
Which be Humours of Revenge?

Pist.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel ?

Nym. With both the Humours, I :

I will discuss the Humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaff*, Varlet vile,

His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,

And his soft Couch defile.

Nym. My Humour shall not cool ; I will incense *Ford* to deal with Poison. I will possess him with Yellowness, for the Revolt of mien is dangerous : That is my true Humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents* : I second thee ; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What, *John Rugby* ! I pray thee go to the Casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius*, coming ; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the House, here will be an old abusing of God's Patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Posset for't soon at Night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire : An honest, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in House withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate ; his worst Fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is something peevish that way ; but no body but has his Fault ; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your Name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender*'s your Master ?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Paring knife ?

Simp. No, Forsooth ; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cane-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted Man, is he not ?

Sim. Ay, Forsooth ; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head ; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his Head, as it were? and strut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Closet; [*Shuts Simple in the Closet*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby!* *John!* What *John*, I say; go *John*, go inquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and-down, down, down-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Closet, *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green-a-Box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a-Box.

Quic. Ay, Forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the Man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi. Il fait for chaud, je m'en vaie a la Cour — la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon-Pocket, Depech Quickly: Ver is dat Knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch.

Caius. By my Trot I tarry too long Od's me *Que ay je oublie*: Dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not for the Varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closet?

Villaine, *Larron, Rugby*, my Rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the Closet.*

Quic. Good Master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic.

Quic. The young Man is an honest Man.

Caius. What shall the honest Man do in my Closet? dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forsooth, to desire her to —————

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace a your Tongue, speak a your Tale.

Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your Maid to speak a good Word to Mistress *Anne Page* for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, baillez me some Paper; tarry you a little a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding, Man, I'll do for your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French*, Doctor my Master, I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his House, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all my self.

Simp. 'Tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your Ear, I would have no words of it, my Master himself is in Love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a nape Priest to meddle or make — You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut him all his two Stones, by gar, he shall not have a Stone to trow at his Dog. [Exit *Simp.*

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: Do you not tell-a me dat, I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I will kill
de

de Jack Preeft; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jarteer* to measure our Weapon; By gar, I will my self have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give Folks leave to prate; what the good-ger.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* Fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* Mind for that; never a Woman in *Windfor* knows more of *Anne's* Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the House, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman. how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good think'ft thou? Shall I not lose my Suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a Book she loves you: Have not your Worship a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hour's talk of that Wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's Company! but, indeed, she is given too much to Allicholly and Musing; but for you — Well — go to —————

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's Money for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me. —————

Quic. Will I? Ay, faith, that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Woers.

Fent.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now [Exit.

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Mrs. Page with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no Reasons why I love you; for tho' Love use Reason for his Precision, he admits him not for his Counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like Phrase; but I say, Love me.

*By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a *Herod of Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked World One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age, To show himself a young Gallant? What unwayed Behaviour hath this *Flemish* Drunkard pickt, I'th' Devil's Name, out of my Conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why he hath not been thrice in my Company: What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heaven forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat Men; how shall I be revenged on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page*, trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. And trust me, I was coming to you? you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page*. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford*. Well, I do then; yet I say, a could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. *Page*. What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford*. O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Respect. I could come to such honour.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour; What is it? dispense with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page*. What, thou licest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford*. We burn Day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise Women's Modesty, and gave such orderly and well behaved Reproof to all Uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his Disposition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale, with so many Tun of Oil in his Belly, ashore at *Windsor*? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with Hope, till the wicked Fire of Lust have melted him in his own Grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in this mystery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank space for different Names, nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the Press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Giantess, and lie

under

under *Mount Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, ere one chaste Man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very Hand, the very Words ; what doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not ; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty, I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for sure unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you ? I'll be sure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I ; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a show of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any Villany against him that may not sully the Chariness of our Honesty : O that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too ? he's as far from Jealousy as I am from giving him Cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight, Come hither [They retire.]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a Curtal Dog in some Affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another ; *Ford*, he loves thy Gally maufry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife ?

Pist. With Liver burning hot : Prevent
Or go thou, like Sir *Acleon*, he, with
Ring-wood at thy Heels : O, odious is thy Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir ?

Pist. The Horn, I say : Farewell.
Take heed, have open Eye ; for Thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere Summer comes, or Cuckoo Birds affright.
Away

Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*.

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks Sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the Humour of lying, he hath wrong'd me in some Humours: I should have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it shall bite upon my Necessity. He loves your Wife: there's the short and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my Name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife, Adieu; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheese: Adieu. [Exit *Nym*.

Page. The Humour of it, quoth a? here's a Fellow frights Humour out of his Wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: Well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the Priest o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow: Well.

Mrs. *Page*. and Mrs. *Ford* come forwards

Page. How now, *Meg*.

Mrs. *Page*. Whither go you, *George*! hark you.

Mrs. *Ford*. How now, sweet *Frank*, what art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford*. Faith, thou hast some Crotchets in thy Head. Now will you go, Mistress *Page*?

Mrs. *Page*. Have with you. You'll come to Dinner, *George*? Look who comes yonder; she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford*. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page*. You are come to see my Daughter *Anne*?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and I pray how does good Mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. *Page*. Go in with us and see; we have an Hour's Talk with you. [Ex. Mrs. *Page*, Mrs. *Ford*, and Mrs. *Quic*.

Page. How now, Master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this Knavel told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page.

Page. Hang 'em Slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in this Intent towards our Wives, are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lie at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay, marry does he. If he would intend his Voyage towards my Wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp Words, let it lie on my Head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a Man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my Head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the *Garter* comes; there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully *Rock*? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavaliero-Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*, Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rock*?

Sha. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th *Garter*, a Word with you.

Host. What say'lt thou, Bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport shall be,

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest Cavalier!

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourse to him, and tell him my Name is *Brook*; only for a Jest.

Host,

Hof. My Hand, Bully; thou shalt have Egrefs and Regrefs; said I well? and thy Name shall be *Brock*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine *Hof*.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* had good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on Distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what? 'Tis the Heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four fall Fellows skip like Rats.

Hof. Here, Boys, here, here; Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt *Hof*, *Shallow* and *Page*.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion so easily. She was in his Company at *Page's* House, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a Disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my Labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis Labour well bestowed. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Pist. Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword will open.—I will retort the Sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my Countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nym*; or else you had look'd through the Grate; like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Mistress *Bridget* lost the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reason, you Rogue, Reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul gratis? At a Word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a short Knife, and a Throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-batcht*; go, you'll

not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour? Why, thou unconfinable Baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch, an yet you Rogue will ensconce your Rags, your Cata-mountain Looks, your red Lettice Phrases, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good Wife.

Quick Not so, and't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my Mother was the first Hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a Word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self, dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal Well on, Mrs. *Ford*, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: Mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Mrs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, come, Mistress *Ford*——

Quic. Marry this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful:

The

The best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windfor* could never have brought her to such a Canary. Yet there has been Knights and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you, Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, smelling so sweetly; all Musk? and so rusling, I warrant you, in Silk and Gold; and in such alligant Terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an Eyewink of her, I had my self twenty Angels given me this Morning; but I defy all Angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip in a Cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-
Mercury?

Quic. Marry, she hath received your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her Husband will be absence from his House between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the Picture, she says, that you wot of: Master *Ford*, her Husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealousie Man; she leads a very frampold Life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven; Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another Messenger to your Worship; Mistrefs *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windfor*, whoe'r be the other; and she bad me tell your Worship that her Husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman so doat upon a Man; surely, I think, you have, Charms, la; yes, in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the Attraction of my good Parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a Jest, indeed; they have not so little Grace, I hope; that were a Trick indeed! But *Mistress Page* would desire you to send her your little Page, of all Loves: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little Page; and truly *Master Page* is a very honest Man. Never a Wife in *Windsor* leads a better Life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windsor*, truly she is one. You must send her your Page; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case, have a Nay-word, that you may know one anothers Mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children should know any Wickedness: Old Folks, you know, have Discretion, as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purse, I am thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me. [*Ex. Quick. and Robin.*]

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:

Clap on more Sails, pursue; up with your Fights;
Give Fire, she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the Expence of so much Money, be now a Gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one *Master Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a Morning's Draught of Sack.

Fal. *Brook* is his Name?

Bard. Ay, -Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such Liquor. Ah! ah! *Mistress Ford*, and *Mistress Page*, have I encompass'd you? Go to, *viva.*

*Enter Ford disguis'd.**Ford.* Bless you, Sir.*Fal.* And you, Sir; would you speak with me?*Ford.* I make bold to pres with so little Preparation upon you. [Exit Bardolph.]*Fal.* You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.*Fal.* Good Master *Brook*, I desire more Acquaintance of you.*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better Plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd Intrusion; for they say, if Money go before, all Ways do lie open.*Fal.* Money is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.*Ford.* Troth, and I have a Bag of Money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the Carriage.*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.*Ford.* I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.*Fal.* Speak, good Mr. *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Regiller of your own, that I may pass with a Reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easy it is to be such an Offender.*Fal.* Very well: Sir, proceed.*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's Name is *Ford*.*Fal.* Well, Sir.*Ford.* I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, follow'd her with a dotting Observance, ingross'd Opportunities to meet her, see'd every slight

flight Occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel, that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this ;

“ *Love like a Shadow flies, when Substance Love pursues ;*
 “ *Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no Promise of Satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a Purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then ?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Man's Ground, so that I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told that, I have told you all : Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other Places she enlargeth her Mirth so far, that there is shrewd Construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpose : You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Discourse, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Person, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it ; there is Money, spend it, spend it ; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your Time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the Honesty of this *Ford's* Wife ; use your Art of Wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any Man may, you may, as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift ; she dwells so securely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul

dares not present it self; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Desires had Instance and Argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thousand other her Defences, which now are too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your Money; next give me your Hand; and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no Money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*, Master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or Go-between parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave, her Husband, will be forth; come you to me at Night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your Acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly Knave, I know him not: Yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly Knave hath masses of Money, for the which his Wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the Key of the Cuckoldly Rogue's Coffer, and there's my Harvest home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Ford. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter Rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it shall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horn's: Master *Brook*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the Peasant, and thou shalt lie with his Wife: Come to me soon at Night; *Ford's* a Knave, and I'll aggravate his Stile: Thou, Master *Brook*, shalt know him for a Knave and Cuckold: come to me soon at Night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Rascal is this! My Heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident Jealousy? My Wife hath sent to him, the Hour is fixt, the Match is made? Would any Man have thought

thought this? See the Hell of having a false Woman? my Bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransacked, my Reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villanous Wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbason* well, yet they are Devil's additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol, Cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a Name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure ass, he will trust his Wife; he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my Butter; *Parson Hugh*, the *Welshman*, with my Cheese; an *Irishman* with my *Aquavita* Bottle; or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding; than my Wife with her self: Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their Hearts they may effect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my Jealousy. Eleven o'clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three Hours too soon, than a Minute too late. Fy, fy, fy; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. [Exit.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir,

Caius. Wat is de Clock, Jack.

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come; By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is not so dead as me vill make him: take your Rapier, Jack, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany; take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Sten. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?

Hof. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Puncto, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, Bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? My *Galen*? My Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Priest of de World; he is not show his Face.

Hof. Thou art a *Cassalion King Urinal*: *Hector* of *Grecc*, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear Witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you are a Curer of Bodies: If you should fight, you go against the Hair of your Professions: Is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of Peace, if I see a Sword out, my Finger itches to make one; tho' we are Justices and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*, Mr. Dr. *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the Peace; you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shewn himself a wise and patient Church-man: You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? Vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our *Englisch* Tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de *Englischman*, Scurvy Jack-dog-Priest; by gar me will cut his Ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee rightly, Bully. *Caius.*

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, Bally; but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eke *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hof. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do dwell?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex. Page. Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Priest; for he speak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hof. Let him die; but first sheath thy Impatience; throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her; Try'd-game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat! By gar, I love you; and I will procure 'a you de good Guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy Adversary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Come at my Heels, *Jack Rugby*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. ¶ Pray you now, good Master *Slender's* Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Sim. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-way*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windjor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of Mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his Knave's Costard, when I have good Opportunities for the Orke; 'Pless my Soul: *By shallow Rivers, to whose falls melodious Birds sing Madrigals; There will we make our Peds with Roses, and a thousand fragrant Poses* By shallow—'Mercy on me, I have a great Disposition to cry, *Melodius Birds sing Madrigals—When as I sat in pabilon; and a thousand vagrant posies. By shallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh,

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls--* Heaven prosper the Right: What Weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman from Frogmore, over the Stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a Gamester from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slen Ah, sweet *Anne Page!*

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his Mercy fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw rheumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good Office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who, be-like, having receiv'd Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years and upwards; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity, and Larning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him, Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Physician.

Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his Weapons: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*,

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your Weapon.

Sal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their Limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let a me speak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore will you not meet a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack Dog*, *John Ape*.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be Laughing-stocks to other Mens Humours; I desire you in Friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Urinal about your Knave's Cogs-Comb, for missing your meetings and Appointments.

Caius. *Diable Jack Rugby.* Mine Host *de Jarter*. Have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian Soul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say; *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welsh*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter.

Am I Politick? am I Subtle? am I a *Machiavel*?

Shall I lose my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my *Sir Hugh*? No; he gives me the Proverbs, and the

No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Terestrial, so give me thy hand Celestial; so, Boys of Art, I have deceiv'd you both, I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the Issue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host, follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen O sweet *Anne Page*! [*Ex. Shal. Slen. Pag. and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? Have you make a-de-fot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlouting-flog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge on this same scall'd Scurvy cogging Companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my Heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his Noddles; pray you follow.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Master's Heels?

Rob. I had rather, Forfooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, *Mistress Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your Wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of Company; I think, if your Husbands were dead; you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is my Husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff*?

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit his Name; there is such a League between my good Man and he; is your good Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick till I see her.
Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any Thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Mile as easy as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score? he pieces out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly motion and advantage, and now she's going to my Wife, and *Falstaff's* Boy with her. A man may hear this Shower sing in the Wind; and *Falstaff's* Boy with her; good Plots, they are laid, and our revolted Wives share Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful *Acleon*, and to these violent Proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Cue, and my Assurance bids me search; there shall I find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good Knot: I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*,
And I would not break with her for more Money
Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne* Page and my Cousin *Slender*, and this Day we shall have our Antwer.

Slen. I hope I shall have your good Will, Father Page.

Page. You have, Mr *Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you all-together.

Caius. Ay by gar, and de Maid is love a-me: my Nursh-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verses, he speaks

speaks Holy-Days, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in its Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince and *Poins*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a Knot in his Fortunes with the Finger of my Substance. If he take her, let him take her simply: The Wealth I have, waits on my Consent, and my Consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to Dinner; besides your Cheer you shall have Sport; and I will shew you a Monster. Mr. Doctor you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well;

We shall have the freer Wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my Heart; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*! what *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the Charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brewhouse, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsterns in *Datchet*-mead, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it? [Direction.]

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyes-Musket, what News with you ?

Rob. My Master, Sir *John*, is come in at your Back-door, Mistress *Ford*, and requests your Company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us ?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn ; my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threatn'd to put me into everlasting Liberty, if I tell you of it ; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good Boy ; this Secrecy of thine shall be a Taylor to thee, and shall make thee a new Doublet and Hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so ; go tell thy Master, I am alone ; Mistress *Page*, remember you your Cue. [Exit Rob.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to them ; we'll use this unwholsome Humidity, this gross watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel ? Why, now let me die ; for I have liv'd long enough : This is the Period of my Ambition : O this blessed Hour !

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John* !

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress *Ford* : Now shall I sin in my wish. I should thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John* ? Alas, I would be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another : I see how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched bent of the Brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-Valiant, or any *Venetian* Attire.

Mrs. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John* : My Brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so ; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixture of thy Foot would give an excellent motion to thy Gait, in a semi-circled

circled Farthingal I see what thou wert. If Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature is thy Friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Men's Apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-Gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford*. Well, Heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one Day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I must tell you, so you do: Or else I could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [*within*] Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, here's Mistress *Page* at the Door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and must needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs. *Ford*. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling Woman.

Enter Mrs Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. *Page*. O Mistress *Ford*, what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What's the matter, good Mistress *Page*?

Mrs. *Page*. O well a day, Mistress *Ford*, having an honest Man to your Husband, to give him such cause of Suspicion.

Mrs. *Ford*. What cause of Suspicion?

Mrs. *Page*. What cause of Suspicion! Out upon you; how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page*. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windjor*, to search for a Gentleman that he says is here now in the House by your Consent,

sent, to take an ill Advantage of his Absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his Heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you, if you know your self clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewell to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not mine own Shame so much as his Peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the House.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some Conveyance; in the House you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceived me; Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reasonable Stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul Linen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whitening time, send him by your two Men to *Datchet Mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there: What shall I do!
Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't,
I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's Counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away? let me creep in here:
I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with foul Linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Master, Boy; call your Men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling Knight.

Mrs. Ford. What *John, Robert, John*, go take up these Cloaths here, quickly. Where's the Cowl-staff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landrefs at *Datchet Mead*; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without Cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your Jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the Landrefs, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with Buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay, Buck: I warrant you, Buck, and of the Season too, it shall appear.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dreamt to Night, I'll tell you my Dream: Here, here, here by my Eyes; ascend my Chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me stop this way first: So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, Gentlemen, you shall see Sport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical Humours and Jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the Fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, see the Issue of his Search. [Exeunt.]

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who has in the Basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Rascal; I would all of the same Strain were in the same Distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special Suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his Jealousy 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will yet have more Tricks with *Falstaff*: His dissolute Disease will scarce obey this medicine

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion, Mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to morrow by eight o'Clock to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him? may be, the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I, Peace, you use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty Wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the House, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Presses, Heav'n forgive my Sins, at the Day of Judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: There is no Bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this Imagination? I would not have your Distemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *Windjor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for pad Conscience; your Wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow Morning to my House to Breakfast, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a the tird.

Eva. In your Teeth for Shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy Knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lousy Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy Father's Love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan*.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I seek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Besides these, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots past, my wild Societies :
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a Property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come.
Albeit, I will confess, thy Father's Wealth
Was the first Motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in sealed Bags ;
And 'tis the very Riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir :
If Opportunity and humblest Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Mistress *Quickly*.
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a Shaft or a Bolt on it : 'D'flid, 'tis but
venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me :
I care not for that, but that I am affeard. [you.

Quic. Hark'ye ; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.
O what a World of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handfom in three hundred Pounds a Year ?

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton* ?

Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, Coz.

O Boy, thou hadst a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can tell you good Jest of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the Jest, how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Sbal. Mrs. *Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Gloucestershire*.

Sbal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long tail under the Degree of a Squire.

Sbal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Sbal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good Comfort; she calls you, Coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good Mrs. *Anne*.

Anne. What is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty Jest, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly Creature, I give Heav'n Praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions; if it be my Luck, so; if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master *Slender*: Love him, Daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my House: I told you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come, Master *Shallow*; come, Son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent.

Fent. Good Mistrefs *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In fuch a righteous Fafhion as I do,
Perforce, againft all Check, Rebukes, and Manners,
I muft advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I feek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my mafter, mafter Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be fet quick i'th Earth,
And bowl'd to Death with Turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your felf good Mafter *Fen-*
I will not be your your Friend nor Enemy : [ton.
My Daughter will I queftion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, fo am I affected.

'Till then farewel, Sir; ſhe muft needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you
caſt away your Child on a Fool and a Phyſician?
Look on, Maſter *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring. There's for thy Pains.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heaven fend thee good Fortune. A kind
Heart he hath; a Woman would run through Fire and
Water for ſuch a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Ma-
ſter had Miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her;
or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what
I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll
be as good as my Word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*.
Well, I muſt of another Errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from
my two miſtreſſes; what a Beaſt am I to ſlack it?

S C E N E III.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Bard. Here, Sir,

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toaſt in't.
Have I liv'd to be carry'd in Basket, like a Barrow of
Butcher's Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well,
if I be ſerv'd ſuch another Trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en
out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-
year's

years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little Remorse as they would have drown'd a Bitches blind Puppies, fifteen i'th' Litter; and you may know, by my Size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man: And what a thing would I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames*-Water; for my Belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd Snowballs, for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, Woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your Leave: I cry you Mercy. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalice; Go brew me a Pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With Eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my Belly-full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault: She does so take on with her Men; they mistook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's Promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yearn your Heart to see it. Here Husband goes this Morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her Word quickly, she'll make you amends. I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her,

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone, I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, Sir, [Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Brook*; he sent me Word to stay within: I like his Money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her House the Hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir,

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her Determination?

Fal. No, Master *Brook*, but the peaking Cornuto, her Husband, Master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealousy, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the Prologue of our Comedy; and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his Distemper, and forsooth, to search his House for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there!

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford's* Approach, and by her Invention, and *Ford's* Wife's Distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket.

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, and greasy Napkins, that, Master *Brook*, there was the rankest Compound of villainous Smell that ever offended Nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me, in the name of foul Clothes, to *Datchet-lane*, they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master in the Door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had

in their Basket : I quak'd for Fear, lest the lunatick Knaves would have search'd it ; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloaths ; but mark the sequel, Master *Brook*, I suffered the pangs of three egregious Deaths : First, an intolerable Fright to be detected by a jealous rotten Bell-weather ; next to be compar'd like a good Bilbo, in the Circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head : and then to be stopt like a strong Distillation, with stinking Clothes, that fretted in their own Grease : Think of that, a Man of my Kidney ; think of that, that am as subject to heat as Butter ; a Man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a Miracle to 'scape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half stew'd in Grease, like a *Dutch Dish*, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe ; think of that ; hissing hot, think of that, Master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My Suit is then desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into the *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a Birding ; I have receiv'd from her another Embassy of meeting ? 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the Conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her ; Adieu, you shall have her, Master *Brook*, Master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit*.

Ford. Hum ! Ha ! Is this a Vision ? Is this a Dream ? Do I sleep ? Master *Ford* awake, awake, Master *Ford* ; there's a Hole made in your best Coat, Master *Ford* ; this 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-Baskets ! Well, I will proclaim my self what I am ; I will now take the Leacher ; he is at my House ; he cannot 'scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a Halpenny Purse, nor into a Pepper box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places ; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be
what

what I would not, shall not make me tame ; If I have Horns to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Mistrefs Page, Mistrefs Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. **I**S he at Mr. *Ford's* already, thinkst thou ?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently ; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the Water ; *Mrs. Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by ; I'll but bring my young Man here to School. Look where his Master comes ; 'tis a Playing-day I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no School to Day.

Enter Evans.

Eva. No, Master *Slender* is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his Heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband says my Son profits nothing in the World at his Book ; I pray you ask him some Questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William* ; hold up your Head.

Mrs. Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your Head ; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nouns ?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings, What is *Fair*, *William* ?

William. *Pulcher*.

Quic. *Poulcats* ? There are fairer things than *Poulcats*, sure.

Eva. You are very simplicity 'oman ; I pray, you peace. What is *Lapis*, *William* ?

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a *Stone* ?

William. A *Pebble*.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis* : I pray you remember in your *Prain*.

William. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you mark *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative Case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have you remembrance, Child, *Accusative, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang Hog is *Latin* for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your Prabbles 'oman. What is the *Focative Case, William*?

Will. O, *Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, *William*, *Focative* is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good Root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Case Plural, William*?

Will. *Genitive Case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, borum.*

Quic. Vengeance of *Ginyes Case*; fy on her; never name her, Child, if she be a Whore.

Eva. For shame, o'man.

Quick. You do ill to teach the Child such Words: He teaches him to *hic* and to *hac*, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fy upon you.

Eva. O'man, art thou Lunacies? Hast thou no Understandings for thy Cases, and the Numbers of the Genders; Thou art as foolish Christian Creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page Pr'ythee hold thy Peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some Delensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *Quis*, your *Quæas*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He has a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.*

Get you home, Boy, come, we stay too long. [Exeunt

C

S C E N E.

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, your Sorrow hath eaten up my Sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess Requital to a Hair's breadth, not only, *Mrs. Ford*, in the simple Office of Love, but in the Accoustrement, Compliment, and Ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a Birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within*] what ho, Gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the Chamber, Sir *John*. [*Ex. Fal.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—— Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, Woman, your Husband is in his old Lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what Complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the Forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out*, that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but Tameness, Civility, and Patience to this Distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out the last time he searched for him in a Basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him, and the rest of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own Foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, *Mrs. Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at Street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? away with him, away with him: better Shame than Murder.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas, alas, three of Master *Ford's* Brothers watch the Door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came; But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. *Ford*. There they always used to discharge their Birding-Pieces; creep into the Kill-Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. He will seek there, on my Word: Neither Press, Coffers, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abstract for the remembrance of such Places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding yon in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford*. If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas the Day, I know not; there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, and a Kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good Heart, devise something; any Extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. *Ford*. My maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page*. On my word, it will serve him, she's as big, as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*, Mrs. *Page* and I will look some Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. *Page*. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight, put on the Gown the while. *(Exit Falstaff.)*

Mrs. *Ford*. I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape, he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my House, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. Ford. But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good Sadnets is he, and talks of the Basket too, however he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the Basket; go up, I'll bring Linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, still Swine eat all the Draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders; your master is hard at Door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; Quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not, I had as lief bear so much Lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villain; some body call my wife: Youth in a Basket! Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conspiracy against me? now shall the Devil be sham'd. What Wife! I say; come, come forth, behold what honest Clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this passes, master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford,

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress Ford, mistress Ford, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I suspect without Cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my Witness, you do, if you suspect me in my Dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth,
Sirrah. [*Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the Clothes alone.

Ford I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's
 Clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my House I am sure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the Imaginations of your own Heart; this is Jealousies.

Ford. Well, he is not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your Brain.

Ford, Help to search my House this one time; If I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my Extremity; let me for ever be your Table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow Walnut for his Wife's Lemman. Satisfy me once more, once more scarce with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress *Page*! come you and the old woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Queen, an old cozening Queen; have I not forbid her my House? She comes of Errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I say,

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, good sweet Husband ; good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman.

Enter Falstaff in Womens Clothes.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her, Out of my Dcor, you Witch [*Beats, him.*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out, out ; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Fal.*

Mrs. *Page*. Are you not aſham'd ?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, he will do it ; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a Witch indeed : I like not when a 'oman has a great Peard ; I ſpy a great Peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen ? I beſeech you follow, ſee but the Iſſue of my Jealouſy ; if I cry out thus upon no Trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further :

Come, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page*. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, by the Maſs, that he did not ; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar ; it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. *Ford*. What think you ? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the Witneſs of a good Conſcience, purſue him with any further Revenge ?

Mrs. *Page*. The Spirit of Wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him ; if the Devil have him not in Fee-ſimple, with Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our Huſbands how we have ſerved him ?

Mrs. *Page*. Yes, by all means ; if it be but to ſcrape the Figures out of your Huſband's Brain. If they can find in the Hearts their poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any farther afflicted, we two will ſtill be the Miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd ; and methinks there would be no Period to the Jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page*

Mrs. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then shape it.
I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the *German* desires to have three of your Horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak with the Gentlemen; they speak *English*.

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my Horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my House a Week at Command, I have turn'd away my other Guests; they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best Discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife, henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the Sun with Cold, Than thee with Wantonness; now doth thy Honour stand, In him that was of late an Heretick, As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in Submission, as in Offence, But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives Yet once again, to make us publick Sport, Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him Word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River ; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman ; methinks, there should be Terrors in him, that he should not come ; methinks, his Flesh is punish'd, he shall have no Desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes ; And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Sometime a Keeper in *Windfor* Forest, [Hunter, Doth all the Winter time at still of midnight Walk round about an Oak, with ragged Horns, And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, And makes milch kine yield blood, and shakes a Chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such Spirit, and well you know 'The superstitious idle-headed *Eld* Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age 'This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak ; But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our Device, That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come. And in this Shape when you have brought him hither, What shall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus :

Nan Page (my Daughter, and my little Son, And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dress Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white, With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads, And Rattles in their Hands ; upon a sudden, As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once With some diffused Song : Upon their sight We too, in great Amazedness, will fly ; Then let them all encircle him about, And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ; And ask him why that Hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred Paths he dares to tread
In Shape profane.

Mr. Ford. And 'till he tell the Truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. Page. The Truth being known,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours, and I
will be like a Jack-a-napes also, to burn the Knight with
my Taber

Ford. This will be excellent.
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a Robe of White.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the Name of *Brook*;
He'll tell me all his Purpose, sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us Properties,
And Tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable Pleasures, and ferry honest Knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford.
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*.

That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Idiot;
And he my Husband best of all affects:

The Doctor is well money'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her,

Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, Boor; what, Thick-skin. speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call? he'll speak like an Anthropophagianian unto thee: Knock. I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy Lungs military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian Tartar*, carries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully, let her descend; my Chambers are honourable, Fy, Privacy! Fy.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise Woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, Muscle-shell, what wou'd you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguil'd master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come? quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Host. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship: I shall make my master glad with these Tidings. [Exit *Simp.*

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life, and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, Cozenage: Mere Cozenage!

Host. Where be my Horses? Speak well of them, Varletto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and set Spurs, and away; like three *German Devils*, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend o' mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Readings*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-brake*, of Horses and money. I tell

tell you for good Will, look you; you are wise, and full of Gibes and v'louting Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd? fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mine *Host de Farteer?*

Host. Here, master Doctör, in Perplexity and doubtful Dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, dere is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good Will; adieu. [Exit.

Host. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry. Villain, I am undone. [Exit.

Fal. I would all the World might be coxen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fishermens Boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine Wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough to say my Prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue; I was beaten my self into all the Colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, counterfeiting the Action of a wood Woman, deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your Content Here is a Letter will say somewhat. GoodHearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you noes not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred Pound in Gold more than your Loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your Counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear Love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my Affection, (So far forth as her self might be her Chooser) E'en to my Wish; I have a Letter from her Of such Contents, as you will wonder at; The Mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host; To Night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen, The Purpose why, is here; in which Disguise, While other Jests are something rank on Foot, Her Father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now Sir, Her mother, ever strong against the match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other Sports are tasking of their minds, And at the Deanery, where a Priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's Plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor: Now thus it rests;
 Her Father means she shall be all in White,
 And in that Dress, when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be masked and vizarded)
 That, quaint in Green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With Ribbands-Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
 And when the Doctor spies his Vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
 The maid hath given Consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father or mother;

Fent. Both, my good *Host*, to go along with me:
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our Hearts united Ceremony,

Host. Well, Husband, your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Beside, I'll make a present Recompence.

[*Exc.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. **P**R'ythee no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is
 the third time; I hope, good Luck lies in odd
 Numbers; away, go; they say there is Divinity in odd
 Numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can to
 get you a pair of Horns. [*Exit Mistress Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your Head,
 and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will
 be known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about
 Midnight, at *Hern's Oak*, and you shall see Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yesterday, Sir, as you told
 me you had appointed?

Fal.

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old Man ; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old Woman. The same Knave, *Ford*, her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd Phrenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a Woman ; for in the shape of a Man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a Weaver's Beam ; because I know also Life is a Shuttle ; I am in haste ; go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master *Brook*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow ; strange things in hand, master *Brook* ; follow. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay, Forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry mum, she cries budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too ; but what needs either your mum, or her budget ? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a-Clock.

Page. The Night is-dark, Light and Spirits will become it well ; Heav'n prosper our Sport. No man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his Horns. Let's away ; follow me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly ; go before into the Park ; we two must go together.

Caius.

Caius. I know vat I have to do ; adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter : But 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welsh* Devil, *Evans* ?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by *Herne's* Oak, with obscur'd Lights ; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the Night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed he will be mock'd ; if he be amaz'd he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their Lechery, Those that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The Hour draws on ; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies ; come and remember your parts : Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch-ords, do as I bid you : Come, come ; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Wind* for Bell hath struck twelve, the Minute draws on ; now the hot-blooded Gods assist me. Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa* ; Love set on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love ! that in some respects makes a Beast a Man ; in some other, a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the Love of *Leda* : Oh omnipotent Love ! how near the God drew to the Complexion of a Goose ; a Fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly fault ; and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowl ; think on't, *Jove*, a foul Fault. When Gods have hot Backs, what shall poor Men do ? For me,

I am here a *Windsor* Stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th Forest. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer?
My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut! Let thy Sky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-Comfits, and snow Eringoes; let there come a Tempest of Provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed Buck, each a Haunch; I will keep my Sides to my self, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husband's. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience, he makes Restitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome.

[Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what Noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our Sins.

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page, away, away.

[The Women run out.

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Lest the Oil that is in me should set Hell on Fire;
He would never else cross me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine Revellers, and Shades of Night,
You Ouphan Heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your Office, and your Quality.
Cries Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your Names; silence you airy Toys,
Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where Fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as Bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their Works must eye.

[Lies down upon his Face.

Eva.

Eva. Where's *Pede*? Go you and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her Prayers said,
Raife up the Organs of her Phantasy,
Sleep she as found as careles Infancy;
But those that sleep and think not on their Sins,
Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, Sides, and Shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Wind* for Castle, Elves, within and out,
Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every sacred Room,
That it may stand till the perpetual Doom,
In State as wholesome, as in State 'tis fit;
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The several Chairs of Order look you scour,
With Juice of Balm and every precious Flow'r;
Each fair Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,
With loyal Blazon evermore be blest.
And nightly meadow Fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter*-compass in a Ring:
The Expressure that it bears, Green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the Field to see;
And *Honi Soit Quy Mal-y Pense* write
In Emrould-tuffs, Flowers purple, blue and white,
Like Sapphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knighthoods bending Knee;
Fairies use Flow'rs for their Charactery.
Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a-Clock
Our dance of Custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter let us not forget. [set:

Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, your selves in Order
And twenty Glow-worms shall our Lanthorns be
To guide our measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle Earth.

Fal. Heav'n defend me from that *Welsh* Fairy,
Lest he transform me to a piece of Cheese.

Pist. Vile Worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even thy Birth,

Quick. With Trial-fire touch me his Fingers end;
If he be Chaste, the Flame will back descend
And turn him to no Pain; but if he start,
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Pist. A Trial, come.

[*They burn him with their Tapers and pinch him.*

Eva. Come, will this Wood take fire?

Eal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Desire;
About him, Fairies, sing a scornful Rhime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The S O N G.

Fie on simple Phantasy : Fie on Lust and Luxury :
Lust is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in Heart whose Flames aspire,
As Thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him, Fairies, mutually : pinch him for his Villany :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.

[He offers to run out

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold of him.

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd you now?
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the Jest no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* Wives?
See you these Husbands? Do not these fair yokes
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Master Brook, Falstaff's a Knave a cuckoldly Knave,
Here are his horns, *Master Brook.*
And, *Master Brook* he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's*
But his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of
money, which must be paid to *Master Brook*; his Horses
are arrested for it, *Master Brook.*

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill Luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my Love again,
but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the Thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden
surprize of my Powers, drove the grossness of the Fop-
pery into a received Belief, in despite of the Teeth of
all

all Rhime and Reason; that they were Fairies. See now, how Wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill Employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your Desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welsh* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize! 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give Putter; your Pelly is all Putter.

Fal. Seese and putter? Have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head and Shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A Bag of Flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. And, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Intrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. Old as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, metheglins, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Starings, Pribbles and Prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme; you have the Start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welsh* Flannel, Ignorance it self is a Plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, well bring you to *Windfor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a Pander: Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Poffet to Night at my House, where I will desire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that ;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is by this Doctor *Caius's* Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe ! hoe ! Father *Page* !

Page. Son ? How now ? How now, Son,
Have you dispatch'd !

Slen. Dispatch'd ? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't ; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, Son ?

Slend. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that ? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl ; If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Woman's Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly.

Did not I tell you how you should know my Daughter by her Garments ?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-master's Boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry ; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into green, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanary, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd I ha' marry'd one Garsoon, a Boy ; one Pefant, by gar. A Boy ; is it not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why ? Did you take her in green !

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a Boy ; by gar, I'll raise all *Windfor*.

Ford. This is strange ! who hath got the right *Anne* !

Page.

Page. My Heart misgives me ; here comes Mr. *Fenton*,
Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*,

Anne. Pardon, good Father ; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page. Now Mistrefs,

How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender* ?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid ?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it.

You would have marry'd her most shamefully.

Where there was no proportion held in Love :

The Truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' Offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this Deceit loses the name of Craft,

Of Disobedience, or unduteous Title ;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed Hours

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.

In Love, the Heavens themselves do guide the State ;

Money buys Lands, and Wives are sold by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to
 strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what Remedy ? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee
 Joy ?

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd,

Eva. I will also dance, and eat Plumbs at your
 Wedding.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further, Mr. *Fenton*,
 Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.

Good Husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire,

Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John* :

To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your Word ;

For he to Night, shall lie with mistrefs *Ford*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

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